

WARREN  
MAGAZINE



COMIX  
INTERNATIONAL  
#2

TEN FULL-COLOR SPINE-TINGLING HORROR CLASSICS!

# comix international™

TM



WITH: DEMONS, MONSTERS,  
GHOSTS, VAMPIRES,  
WITCHES AND WARLOCKS!





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And the destruction of all living things.  
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**JAMES WARREN**

**Editor**  
**W.B. DuBAY**

**Production Manager**  
**W.R. MOHALLEY**

**Assistant Editor**  
**LOUISE JONES**

**Writers This Issue**  
**BRUCE BEZAIRE**  
**GERRY BOUDREAU**  
**BILL DuBAY**  
**BUDD LEWIS**  
**RICH MARGOPOULOS**  
**VICTOR MORA**  
**BERNI WRIGHTSON**

**Artists This Issue**  
**RICH CORBEN**  
**REED CRANDALL**  
**LUIS GARCIA**  
**ESTEBAN MAROTO**  
**JOSE ORTIZ**  
**WALLY WOOD**  
**BERNI WRIGHTSON**

**Interior Color**  
**MICHELE BRAND**  
**RICH CORBEN**  
**BILL DuBAY**

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### ISSUE NO. TWO

## CONTENTS 1975

**THE RAVEN** Past midnight I fell into a restless sleep. A nap shattered by an incessant tapping from the window. I opened it. And in flew a raven. Herald of death itself!

**ANTI-CHRISTMAS** Billie Joe's father had a mission. To preserve Christianity. To destroy the Anti-Christ. But to do so, he must slaughter his newborn grandson!

**THE BUTCHER** Gambino's health had failed. He would have died soon anyway. So why did someone send a hit man to wipe him out? And why did they kill the priest?

**CIRCUS OF KING CARNIVAL** One month. Two months. And Cassandra would be dead. Her husband had a plan. To save her, he needed a living human heart!

**THE WINGED SHAFT OF FATE** King Carnival collects freaks. A hutterfly-woman and a bird man are kept there. And now a greater attraction. Dracula, himself!

**THE MANHUNTERS** The tentacled alien had swallowed the Captain whole. She had seen it eat Jorg alive. But Brenda was not terrified. And she couldn't imagine why!

**PURGE** Meet Obed Black. A mean cop with powers of judge, jury and executioner, sworn to rid the world of naughtiness. And Obed Black is about to have a very bad day!

**JANIS** Fantasy or reality? Life and love should never have plagued the statue made of stone. But neither should the dreadful monsters that roamed the storm swept sea!

**BEAST ON BACON STREET** Amanda Karlman's house was haunted. There were many manifestations. But most terrifying was the apparition yet unseen!

**MUCK MONSTER** He had tried to create life. And he had, in part, succeeded. Now I must tell him of his victory. And I must warn him. I lived. But was not quite human!

ONCE UPON A MIDNIGHT DREARY, WHILE I  
FORCED WEAK AND WEARY,  
OVER MANY A QUANT AND CURIOUS VOLUME  
OF FORGOTTEN LORE...

WHILE I NODDED, NEARLY SLEEPING,  
SUDDENLY THERE CAME A TAPPING  
AS OF SOME ONE GENTLY RAPPING,  
RAPPING AT MY CHAMBER DOOR.

"TIS SOME VISITOR," I MUTTERED, "TAPPING  
AT MY CHAMBER DOOR,  
ONLY THIS AND NOTHING MORE."

TAP!  
TAP!  
TAP!

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

# THE RAVEN

ART: HUGH GOUGHEN



"...LEWORE?"



I OPENED THE DOOR TO A NIGHT SKY,  
SWIRLING WITH DECEMBER SNOW! THERE  
WAS ONLY DARKNESS THERE... AND  
NOTHING MORE!



YET IT WAS *NOT* THE BEAUTIFUL LENDRE WHO STOOD AT MY WINDOW... RATHER...

THE *INK-BLACK* CREATURE FLEW INTO MY ROOM WHILE I GAZED AGAINST...



...AND THE EBON-BIRD PERCHED... AND SAT... AND DID NOTHING MORE!



YOU SEEK REFUGE FROM THE COLD? SURELY A TREE TRUNK WOULD BETTER SERVE YOUR *ENDS?*

WHAT IS YOUR NAME? YOUR PURPOSE? DO YOU CARRY ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING MY DEAR...



WELL, RAVEN, DON'T JUST SIT THERE STARING DOWN AT ME!

THEN, FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE ROOM, QUOTH THE *RAVEN*...



"...LENDRE?"



NEVERMORE!



CAN THE  
WORD BE A  
CLUB OF  
SOME SORT?

AND IF SUCH BE  
THE CASE, THEN HOW  
DOES IT PERTAIN TO  
MY DARLING...



STILL...  
WHAT IF THERE  
IS NO MESSAGE  
TO BE GIVEN  
AT ALL!

WHAT IF IT  
WERE THE DARK  
FORCES OF EVIL  
SENT THIS BIRD  
TO MY DWELLING  
TO HAUNT  
ME!



"...LENORE?"



IS THAT  
TRUE,  
RAVEN?

ARE YOU A  
CO-WORKER  
OF THE  
DEVIL...



...HERE TO  
TORMENT  
ME BY BRINGING  
MEMORIES OF  
MY VERY OWN...





AT THIS POINT,  
I REALLY NO LONGER  
CARE! SHE IS GONE AWAY...  
NEVER, I THINK TO  
RETURN!



BUT WILL  
YOU ANSWER  
JUST ONE  
QUESTION  
OF MINE?

I BEG  
YOU...TELL  
ME! WHERE  
IS MY  
LENORE!



PLEASE  
BIRD...NO  
MATTER IF  
YOU ARE A  
PROPHET...A  
THING OF  
EVIL...GIVE  
ME THE AN-  
SWER!

QUOTH THE RAVEN...



NEVERMORE!

SO! YOU  
STILL WON'T  
TALK, EH...OR  
REVEAL TO ME  
THE WHERE-  
ABOUTS OF MY  
BELOVED!







VERY WELL,  
THEN! GO  
BACK TO THE  
STORM AND THE  
COLD NIGHT'S  
PLUTONIAN  
SHORE!



AND DON'T  
LEAVE A SINGLE  
BLACK FEATHER  
BEHIND AS A TOKEN  
OF YOUR HEARTLESS  
VISIT, YLE  
SPECTRE!



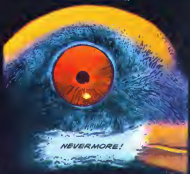
LEAVE ME!  
MY LONELINESS  
IS A TERRIBLE  
THING TO  
BEAR!

I DON'T  
NEED THE  
LIKES OF YOU  
BIRD, TO RE-  
MIND ME HOW  
MONUMENTALLY  
TRAGIC  
IT IS!



ARE YOU  
DEAF? GET  
THEE FROM ABOVE  
MY DOOR... AND  
TAKE YOUR ACCURSED  
BEAK OUT OF MY  
SOUL WHEN YOU  
LEAVE!

BUT NOT A NERVE DID HE TWITCH WHEN  
SPOKE THE RAVEN...



NEVERMORE!

TIME PASSED, AND THE RAVEN  
REMAINED...NEVER FLUTTING...  
AND STILL IS SITTING, STILL IS  
SITTING...



AND HIS EYES HAVE ALL THE  
SEEKING OF A DEMON THAT  
IS DREAMING...



...ON THE PALLID  
BUST OF PALLAS  
JUST ABOVE MY  
CHAMBER  
DOOR!

AND THE LAMP-LIGHT O'ER  
HIM STREAMING THROWS HIS  
SHADOW ON THE FLOOR!



AND MY SOUL FROM IN THAT SHADOW, THAT  
LIES FLOATING ON THE FLOOR...



...AS MY YEARNING FOR A LOVED ONE,  
SHALL BE LIFTED...

...NEVERMORE!



"YOU HAVE HEARD THAT THE ANTICHRIST IS COMING... THEREFORE WE KNOW THAT IT IS THE LAST HOUR..." (JOHN 2:18)

# Anti-Christmas

WINTERS IN NAZARETH, INDIANA ARE NOTORIOUSLY STRINGENT. BY LATE DECEMBER, 1973, THE SNOWS WERE APPROACHING THE ANNIVALE OF SEVERITY.

DESPITE POPULAR ASSUMPTION, BILLIE JO HERSHEY WAS NOT A NAÏF. AT LEAST NOT ANYMORE, BUT ON TWICE THE EVE OF CHRISTMAS, SHE LEARNED THAT THE "GOOD" PEOPLE OF NAZARETH WERE FAR MORE UNCOMFORTABLE THAN THE MIDWESTERN WINTERS.



THE END OF THE WORLD IS COMING!



NAZARETH, INDIANA LAY ALONG THE PULSE OF THE SABLE BELT IT HAS PROFFERED TO BE A STRONGHOLD OF CHRISTIANITY.

BUT THROUGH THE YEARS, BILLIE JO HAD WATCHED THE ARCHITECTURE OF CIVILIZATION ERODE, AND THE GOOD BOOK BECOME A HAND-BOOK OF AMBIGUITY.



AND NOW THE NAME OF CHRISTIANITY HAD BEEN DISMISSED BY THE RIGHTEOUS MATRONS WHO WOULD NOT CONDESCEND TO DELIVER THE CHILD OF A "TRAVELER."





BILLIE JO'S PAINS WERE GROWING MORE ACUTE, MORE PERSISTENT. HER MUFFLED GRIES FILLED THE SILENT STABLE. JOSEPH CLOSED HIMSELF TO THEM, LEFT THEM CONSUMING HIM TO THE INEVITABLE TASK THAT AWAITED.

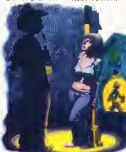
BILLIE JO SLOWLY SUCCEMBED TO THE DEMANDS OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS, AND HER THOUGHTS FELL UPON ANOTHER TIME, SOME TWO YEARS EARLIER...



I KNOW THAT YOU AND THAT YOUNG HOODLUM HAVE SINNED AGAINST GOD AND AGAINST ME! NOW YOU COMPOUND THE OFFENSE BY LYING...

I WILL NOT HAVE IT SAID THAT MY DAUGHTER IS A CHILD OF THE DEVIL. YOU ARE NO LONGER WELCOME IN MY HOUSE...

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, BILLIE JO LEARNED TWO THINGS. POVERTY BEGETS MORE POVERTY, AND DESTITUTION IS A SHORT STEP FROM PROSTITUTION.



THEN SHE MET JOSEPH. NOT RICH, PERHAPS, BUT PROUD. AND PRIDE WAS SOMETHING SHE HAD SACRIFICED A LONG TIME AGO.

THAT WAS WHAT JOSEPH OFFERED HER, ALONG WITH HER FIRST CHILD...



...THIS CHILD, FOR WHOM JOSEPH WAS NOW THE RELUCTANT MOTHER.

ALL THOUGHT FLED FROM BILLIE JO'S MIND, AND SHE SURRENDERED TO THE PAIN.



IT IS DONE, JOSEPH? THEN GIVE US THE CHILD...SHE WILL NEVER KNOW THAT THIS ONE IS NOT HERE.



JUAN BAPTISTE WAS AFRAID HE HAD CARRIED ON THE LORD'S WORK FOR TWENTY YEARS IN HIS SIMPLE PARISH, HE HAD ALWAYS DONE SO WITHOUT THE AID OF A CLUB OR KNIFE

IT WAS A HABIT HE WAS NOT QUICK TO CHANGE



WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TO THE ONLY HOSPITAL IN NAZARETH. IF THE CHILD WAS BORN, IT WOULD BE THE PERVERTED IRONY OF THE DEVIL TO HAVE HIS CHILD BORN IN A CHRISTIAN CLINIC!



BUT HOW WILL WE KNOW WHICH ONE?

IF NECESSARY, WE WILL SLAY THEM. ALL? WHAT ARE THE LIVES OF A FEW CHILDREN COMPARED TO THE EVIL WROUGHT BY THE DEVIL'S OFFSPRING?

YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT MURDER!



NO MR BAPTISTE, I AM TALKING ABOUT THE REDEMPTION OF THE HUMAN RACE. I AM A CHRISTIAN SIR! GOD IS WITH ME! ARE YOU WITH THE LORD...OR AGAINST HIM?



THE WHINE OF RUBBER ON DAMP PAVEMENT DROINED MONOTONOUSLY AS THE CAR SPED NORTHWARD. IT'S PASSENGERS THOUGHT ONLY OF SPEED AND DISTANCE!

WE SHOULD BE IN BALTIMORE BY LATE TOMORROW. THE CHILD WILL BE SAFE THERE.

MEANWHILE, NAZARETH WILL SOON LEARN THE MEANING OF THE PHRASE RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION. PERSECUTION BY THE RELIGIOUS OUR MASTER'S WORK WILL BE DONE...



...AND BY THOSE WHO WILL CLAIM TO BE SERVING HIS ENEMY CHRISTIANS CERTAINLY ARE A CURIOUS BREED!





WE HAVE COME TO BESTOW OUR **BLESSING** UPON THE INFANTS WHO SHARE THE LORD'S BIRTHDAY. WILL YOU **TAKE** US TO THEM?

THERE WERE **THREE** BORN TONIGHT, REVEREND. COME THIS WAY...



IS THIS WHAT YOU WOULD SLAY REVEREND? THESE **INNOCENTS**...

REMEMBER THE WORDS OF THE **GOOD BOOK**, MY FRIEND...



...**MANY** DECEIVERS HAVE GONE OUT INTO THE WORLD! SUCH A ONE IS THE DECEIVER AND THE **ANTICHRIST** LOOK TO YOURSELF THAT YOU MAY NOT **LOSE** WHAT YOU HAVE **WORKED FOR**...

**SLICH!**  
**SWITZ!**  
**CHUK!**  
**CHUK!**



THESE WERE THE **ONLY** CHILDREN BORN IN NAZARETH TONIGHT?

THE **ONLY** DECENT ONES THERE WAS A **WHORE** HERE EARLIER... READY TO GIVE BIRTH AT ANY **MOMENT**...

I SENT HER **AWAY** OF COURSE!



**NO!** REVEREND **RADLEY**... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

**SHUNK!**

ONLY WHAT IS **NECESSARY** JUAN. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE THE **POLICE** INTERFERING WITH OUR **HOLY MISSION**... NOT AT THIS CRUCIAL POINT IN TIME.



I'D LIKE YOU TO FIND ONE... **JUST ONE**... QUOTATION IN THE **GOOD BOOK** TO JUSTIFY **THAT** **RADLEY**...

AND IF YOU DO, I'M GOING TO **BURN** THIS COLLAR AND **CASSOCK** CAUSE THINGS JUST WOULDN'T MAKE **SENSE** ANYMORE!



FRESH  
FOOTPRINTS THEY  
COULD BELONG TO  
THAT WHORE.

THEY LEAD  
TOWARD THE  
OLD STABLE.

JOSEPH STUDIED BILLIE JO MORE CLOSELY THAN HE  
EVER HAD IN THE MONTHS OF THEIR MARRIAGE. SHE  
WAS MORE THAN A WIFE TO HIM NOW... SHE WAS  
THE MOTHER OF A CHILD WHICH, WHILE NOT FULLY  
HIS, HAD AT LEAST SPRUNG FORTH FROM HIS  
LOINS.

FOR A MOMENT HE DOUBTED WHAT HE HAD DONE.  
HE WAS A TRUE *SERVANT* OF SATAN, YET WHY  
HAD HE NEVER EXPERIENCED THE SAME  
EMOTIONS OF *JOY* AND *LOVE* THAT EMANATED  
FROM THIS CHILD-BRIDE.



THE FACT THAT THE INFANT WAS NOT  
EVEN *MERS* SEEMED ALMOST TO  
MOCK HIM!

SUDDENLY...!



YOU! I  
SHOULD HAVE  
REALIZED! IF  
ANYONE WERE TO BE  
THE MOTHER OF THE  
DEVIL'S CHILD, IT  
WOULD BE  
YOU!

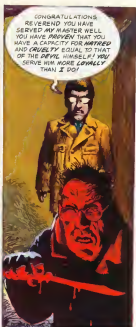
FATHER!

BUT YOU HAVE  
LABORED IN VAIN, WHORE!  
WE HAVE COME TO *SLAY*  
THE DEVIL-CHILD BEFORE  
THE WORLD IS *INFECTED*  
WITH HIS EVIL!



Y-YOU'RE  
CRAZY!









# "FORGIVE <sup>US</sup> our TRESPASSES"

STORY: BILL DuBAY / ART: RICH CORBEN

"IT ALL STARTED THREE MONTHS AGO FATHER... WHEN DON CARLO GAMBINO LAY ON HIS DEATHBED, RECEIVING THE LAST RITES..."



F-FATHER... COME CLOSER... I-I HAVE NO TIME... LEFT... I-I MUST TELL YOU...

TWO OF THE BEST TRIGGER BOYS IN CHI HAD BEEN SENT DOWN TO HIT THE DON. I WAS THE FINGERMAN!



I-I MUST TELL YOU... OF M-MY SONS... T-THY-

DON GAMBINO, LOOK OUT!



HE WAS DYING... BUT WE WERE TO PUT HIM OUT BEFORE HE COULD CONFESS ANYTHING TO THAT PRIEST!

THE OLD MAN NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO TELL THE PRIEST NOTHIN'!



DAMN SIBLE-TOYER GOT IN THE WAY!

I'LL TALK THE OLD MAN, SPIDER... YOU HIT THE PRIEST!



YOU DRY? WE DON'T HAVE A CONTRACT ON THE PRIEST!

SO I'LL THROW HIM IN FOR FREE!

BOOM!  
BLAM!  
BLAM!

SKLASH-IT!



YOU'RE LIKE AN OLD LADY WEASEL... YOU WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT YOUR SOUL...

YARRAD GOD'S GONNA SMASH YA FOR HITTIN' ONEA HIS BOYS? HA!

SHH! SOMEONE'S COMIN'!



HOLD YOUR FIRE, ROTTER... IT'S ME!

WE DID IN YOUR OLD MAN... JUST LIKE YOU ORDERED.

NOW, IF YOU'LL TURN AROUND, WE'LL FINISH THE JOB.



WAKE IT LOOK GOOD... THEN GET OUT OF HERE!

OKAY BOSS!



THE WHOLE SETUP WAS PERFECT. DON CARLO GAMBINO, THE BIGGEST GANGSTER ON THE WEST SIDE, WAS DEAD... KILLED BY PROFESSIONAL GUNS Hired BY ONE OF HIS OWN SONS...

...A SON WHO HAD THE PERFECT ALIBI!!

SOON AFTER THAT, THE BIGGEST GANG WAR EVER TO HIT NEW ORLEANS, ERUPTED...!

"BUT EVEN WHILE THE HOODS OF TWO RIVAL GANGS WERE KILLING THEMSELVES OFF... YOU COULD FEEL SOMETHING OMINOUS IN THE AIR... AS THOUGH SOMETHING EVEN MORE DEADLY WAS BIDDING ITS TIME, WAITING IN THE WINGS...!"

THE 1930'S WAS ALL-TOO-REAL CLASSIC AMERICAN HORRORS... IT WAS ALSO THE TIME OF THE BUTCHER!

# The New Orleans Times Picayune

SHOOTING AND BOMBING IN NEW ORLEANS  
TWO GIRLS DIE IN MONTH-OLD GAMBINO, PONTI GANG WAR!

THIRD BOMB OF GANG WARS  
KILLS FROM 1930'S-1940'S

"ME AND THE TWO HIT MEN WERE ORDERED TO LAY LOW FOR AWHILE... WHILE THE MAN WHO HIRED US TO KILL THE DON, PUT ON A SHOW FOR THE PRESS, THE PUBLIC... AND HIS OWN BROTHERS!"

MR. GAMBINO... WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MR. PONTI'S DENIAL IN MURDERING YOUR FATHER?

PONTI IS A LARL... AND A MURDERER... IF THE COPS DON'T NAB HIM, FOR MY FATHER'S DEATH, I'LL --

# THE BUTCHER

YOU'LL DO WHAT, MR. GAMBINO?

I'M SORRY, GENTLEMEN... MY BROTHER HAS NO FURTHER COMMENT.



"BUT EVEN AS OUR 'BOSS' WAS DOING A NUMBER FOR HIS BROTHERS, SPIDER, POTTER AND MYSELF WERE GETTING ON EACH OTHER'S NERVES."

"I'VE BEEN COOPED UP IN THIS RATHOLE FOR A MONTH NOW WHEN THE HELL CAN WE GET OUT OF HERE?"

"YOU CAN LEAVE ANYTIME YOU WANT."

"ME... I AIN'T SHOWIN' MY FACE UNTIL THIS WAR'S OVER!"

"WHAT WITH THE LAW LOOKIN' FOR US... PONTY'S GANG READY TO GUN US... AND MOST OF THE GAMBINO MOB ON OUR TAIL, WE'RE DEAD MEAT IN THE STREET!"

"BUT I THOUGHT THE BOSS SAID HE'D PROTECT US?"

"HE'S PROTECTIN' US..."

"BY WAGING HIS OWN PERSONAL WAR AGAINST GENO-VESE PONTY!"

"ONCE PONTY'S KNOCKED OFF THE COPS AND THE BOSS' BROTHERS WILL THINK THEY HAVE DON GAMBINO'S KILLER!"

"ONLY THE BOSS KNOWS HE KNOCKED OFF HIS OLD MAN, TO THE REST OF THE GAMBINO MOB, WE WERE HUSBY BY PONTY!"

"THE BOSS WILL BE NUMBER ONE MAN BEHIND PROSTITUTION IN THE CITY..."

"AND WE'LL BE RICH."

"JUST THE SAME, I WANT OUT... I AIN'T BEEN TO CHURCH IN MORE THAN A MONTH!"

"CHURCH? NA! NA! YOU HELP US BUMP A PRIEST AND YOU'RE WORRYIN' ABOUT GOIN TO CHURCH?"

"I ALWAYS GO TO CHURCH, SPIDER. THAT'S THE WAY I WAS BROUGHT UP. SO DON'T YOU GO LAUGHING ABOUT GOD!"

"IT'S FUNNY, SPIDER, BUT MOST OF THE MEN IN THE MOB ARE CHURCH-GOING..."

"THEY ROB, KILL AND PIMP SIX DAYS A WEEK, THEN GO TO CHURCH SUNDAY AND ASK GOD TO FORGIVE THEM!"

"AND DOES HE?"

"I GUESS SO. THEY ALL CLAIM TO BE GOING TO HEAVEN WHEN THEY DIE!"

"JEEZAS! THAT'S IT! I GOTTA GET BUTTA HERE... AWAY FROM YOU CHRISTIAN MADMEN!"

"I'M GONNA CALL THE BOSS... SET UP A MEETIN'!"





POTTER AND SPIDER KNEW INSTANTLY  
WHAT WAS HAPPENING! WE'D BEEN  
**SET UP!** THEY REACHED FOR THEIR  
GUNS... BUT THEY WERE CUT IN HALF  
BY A FIRE-SPITTING SAWED-OFF  
SHOTGUN!

THEY NEVER EVEN SAW WHO BLASTED  
AWAY THEIR LIVES!



"BUT I SAW... I SAW THE FACE OF A  
**BUTCHER...** A FACE FILLED WITH  
**HATE AND DEATH...**"



"IT WAS LIKE THE SLOW MOTION DREAM, WHERE  
YOU TRY TO RUN... TO RACE FAST ENOUGH TO  
ESCAPE... BUT YOU GET NOWHERE."



"IN A FEW TERROR-FILLED SECONDS, I LIVED AN  
ETERNITY... STARING INTO THAT FACE... WATCHING AS HE  
EJECTED TWO SPENT SHELLS FROM HIS WEAPON..."



"THEN I CAME TO MY SENSES... AND RAN!"

"I HEARD THE BARREL SNAP BACK INTO PLACE...  
AND I KNEW I'D BE NEXT!"



"I KNEW HE'D FIND ME WHEREVER I RAN... AND  
BOTH BARRELS WOULD BE MINE..."

"I COULDN'T GO BACK TO THE RATHOLE...  
GAMBINO KNEW ABOUT THAT, HE'D SEND HIS  
KILLER THERE..."



"I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO RUN... EVERYWHERE  
I TURNED I THOUGHT I HEARD HIS FOOTSTEPS...  
OR SAW HIS SHADOW..."

"THEN I SAW THE CHURCH... CORPUS  
CHRISTI, THE PARISH HOUSE OF GOD!"



"I KNEW I'D BE SAFE THERE... THE  
LORD WOULD EMBRACE ME... GOD  
WOULD SAVE ME!"





# DRACULA

THE MIDWAY IS **DESERTED** NOW AND THE CROWD GONE HOME, LEAVING ONLY DEBRIS AND CRUMPLED **HANDBILLS** TO MARK THEIR PASSING.

THE **LAUGHTER** OF THE CHILDREN, THE MILD SCOLDING OF THE ADULTS... THESE ARE GONE TOO. THE ONLY SOUND TO DISTURB THE GENTLE MISSISSIPPI NIGHT IS THE FLAPPING OF **CANVAS** IN THE SOFT BREEZE.

THE SPECTACLE IS **OVER** FOR THIS DAY. THE SIDESHOW TENTS LOOK MORE **FORBIDDING** THAN **ENTICING**...



... BUT THEY WOULD, LIKE A **PHOENIX**, RISE FROM THEIR OWN ASHES WITH THE LIGHT OF MORNING, TO **DELIGHT** AND **AMAZE** ANEW. FOR THIS IS...

## THE CIRCUS OF KING CARNIVAL!

STORY: GERRY BOUDREAU / ART: ESTEBAN MAROTO / COLOR: MICHELE BRAND

EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY  
OF CASSANDRA KILEY

Tuesday, July 8, 1908

Dennis gave one of its brightest performances this morning, and the people of Chatham County have turned out in droves for the carnival...



The sun feels warm. Perhaps it has always been this way. I was never so aware of it. You become aware of a lot of things when you know you are going to die.



It has been three days since the doctor broke the news. I am slowly learning to accept the idea. I must, for it will come whether I accept it or not. I wish only to enjoy my last months.



Jackson is taking it hard. I think he feels sorer for himself than me. I think he's afraid of being left alone.

He always was a possessive man, but the past few days he has become unbearable!



Early afternoon brought the first major event of the circus... something called the Human Ouija Board. I was curious and asked Jackson to take me in...!



He did, but not before making his displeasure known. During the show he was no longer depressed, but restless... eager to be somewhere else.



Finally... he excused himself...!



EXCERPT FROM THE MISSISSIPPI GAZETTE, AUGUST 26, 1908.

One of the most unusual aspects of King Carnival's circus is The Shaman!

WELCOME, JACKSON MILEY...!

YOU KNOW MY NAME...?!

I KNOW MANY THINGS, INCLUDING THE REASON WHY YOU ARE HERE.



His origin is a mystery to all, and his powers beyond belief.

Fortune telling wizardry, miracle healing, mysticism, all come under the domain of this wizened little magus.



I WILL HELP YOU... BUT MY PRICE IS HIGH!

I AM NOT A MAN OF MEDICINE I DRAW MY STRENGTH FROM A FAR MORE POWERFUL SOURCE!



But his act consists mostly of parlor-game magic tricks. However, it is said in private consultations his powers truly come to light.

THE GODS WHOM I SERVE WOULD REQUIRE A LIFE! ARE YOU PREPARED TO PAY THAT PRICE?

YOU MEAN... ME?

NOT YOU, MR. KILEY BUT BEFORE I CAN DO ANYTHING TO SAVE YOUR ... A HUMAN HEART! WIFE, YOU MUST BRING ME...

EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF CASSANDRA KILEY:

Jack was gone nearly twenty minutes and returned with no explanation of where he had been...!

Wherever it was, it didn't satisfy his restlessness. In fact, it was worse...! At home when I turn to my husband for comfort, he is becoming a stranger to me.

We said very little to each other the rest of the afternoon. Sunset came, a golden-orange glow on the horizon. It filled me with an inner peace I had not known for some time...!

Funny though I had a curious feeling of being watched... and I wondered if death might already be eyeing me, waiting for the right moment to reach forth...

EXCERPT FROM THE POLICE  
REPORT ON THE **DEATH** OF  
KARL DRAPER.

**POLICE REPORT**

13 MAY 19

Suspect observed lifting  
wallet of unidentified  
victim by security  
officer MA171.



Officer attempted  
pursuit, but efforts  
proved **unsuccessful**.  
The suspect  
**disappeared** in the  
carnival crowd.  
We later concluded  
he hid in the tent  
where his body  
was subsequently  
found.



I NEVER  
THOUGHT SUCH  
**BEAUTY** WAS  
POSSIBLE...

I SHOULD  
**RUN!** THE  
POLICE ARE PROBABLY  
SEARCHING THE  
GROUNDS FOR  
ME...

...BUT TO  
RUN WOULD BE  
TO LEAVE YOU  
**ALONE**,  
BUTTERFLY  
QUEEN...

... AND I DON'T  
THINK I COULD  
BRING MYSELF TO  
**DO** THAT.

EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY  
OF CASSANDRA KILEY.

Jackson seems moody  
and preoccupied today.  
I had hoped he would  
share with me the  
simple pleasures of  
the carnival... but his  
mind is elsewhere.

THE  
FULFILLMENT  
OF EVERY FANTASY...  
THEY ARE **WRONG!**

SHE IS  
MY EVERY  
FANTASY.



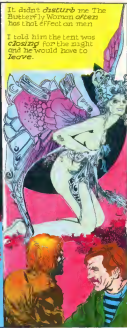
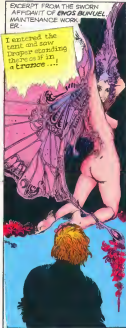
EXCERPT FROM THE SWORN  
AFFIDAVIT OF ENOS BLUMVEL  
MAINTENANCE WORKER:

I entered the  
tent and saw  
Dropper standing  
there as if in  
a trance....

It didn't disturb me. The  
Butterfly Woman often  
has that effect on men.

I told him the tent was  
*closing* for the night  
and he would have to  
leave.

He hated to  
draw himself  
away from  
her.



...but I had no idea he would  
try to *sneak* back in  
after I left!

EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF  
CASSANDRA KILEY:

*It was a good day in a life  
at Jackson, but the time  
had come to return home...*

*Suddenly I sensed a change in  
his manner... He was happy...!  
but it was not a natural  
happiness. There was some-  
thing almost evil in his smile  
as he asked me to wait for him.*







A young couple was reported missing by Choctaw County police yesterday...!

Jackson and Cassandra Kiley disappeared last night. Friends say they failed to return from the carnival which they attended early yesterday morning.

A preliminary search has turned up no trace of the missing couple.

A  
E  
E  
E!



I RECOGNIZE HIM NOW... IT'S THE MAN WHO TRIED TO PICK MY POCKET THIS MORNING...!

THAT MAKES IT EASIER! I DOUBT ANYONE WOULD MISS A MAN LIKE THAT.

AND WHEN I BRINGS THE SHAMAN HIS HEART, MY BEAUTIFUL CASSANDRA WILL LIVE!



EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF  
CASSANDRA KILEY.

I knew the scream had come from Jackson... I ran toward the tent... but slipped out of the shadows blocking my path.

He came toward me, his face as white as death. But I knew he brought me the gift of... life! ...eternal life!

Since the night my husband vanished, I have come to know this man well. He is my friend, my companion, my lover... his name is DRACULA!

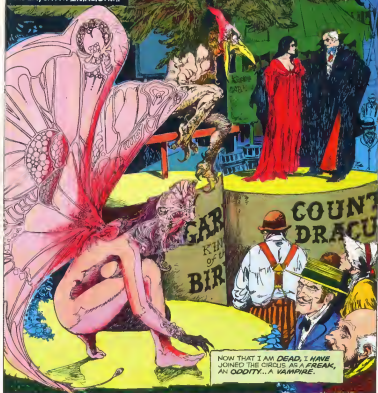


# DRACULA

# THE WINGED SHAFT OF FATE

EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF  
CASSANDRA KILEY:

IT SEEMS ALMOST FUNNY NOW!  
WHEN I WAS LITTLE, I HAD  
VISIONS OF RUNNING AWAY  
TO JOIN THE CIRCUS, PERHAPS  
AS A BEAUTIFUL BAREBACK  
RIDER, OR AN AERIALIST...!



NOW THAT I AM DEAD, I HAVE  
JOINED THE CIRCUS AS A FREAK,  
AN ODDITY...A VAMPIRE.

MY NEW **LIFE**, IF SUCH IT CAN BE CALLED, BEGAN THAT FATEFUL NIGHT IN **CHOCTAW COUNTY**, SCARCELY A FORTNIGHT AGO! ONE MOMENT I STOOD A LONELY, FRIGHTENED WOMAN, STRICKEN WITH A **TERMINAL DISEASE**...

IN THE NEXT, I BECAME THE CHOSEN MATE OF THE MAN CALLED **DRACULA**... WITH MORE REASON TO FEAR **LIFE** THAN DEATH.



NEITHER OF US REALIZED THAT THE UNHOLY DEED HAD BEEN **WITNESSED** BY A CREATURE WHO CALLED HIMSELF **HUMAN**... YET SOMEHOW SEEMED **WIERD**... MORE **OBSCENE** THAN THE **MONSTROSITIES** HE DISPLAYED.

HIS NAME WAS **KING CARNIVAL**.

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, **COUNT DRACULA**, AND I AM **NOT** AFRAID OF YOU.



HOW IS IT THAT YOU **KNOW**?

ALL MY LIFE, I HAVE STUDIED THE **WONDROUS** AND THE **BIZARRE**... THOSE THINGS WHICH CONSTITUTE THE **LEGENDS AND MYTHS** OF MAN, BUT WHICH I KNOW TO BE **TRUTH**!

I **RESPECT** THESE THINGS, AND THEY, IN TURN, COME TO **RESPECT ME**.



WHAT IS IT YOU **WANT** FROM US... AND WHAT DO YOU OFFER IN **RETURN**?

ISN'T IT **OBVIOUS** WHAT I WANT? AND IN RETURN YOU SHALL HAVE **PROTECTION** DURING THOSE DAYLIGHT HOURS WHEN YOU ARE **MOST VULNERABLE**.



EXCERPT FROM THE **TALLAHASSEE TIMES**, SEPTEMBER 12, 1908:

THE CIRCUS OF KING CARNIVAL, AN OUTLANDISH EXHIBIT OF THE **OCCULT** AND **SUPERNATURAL** IS DUE TO OPEN AT GREENGLADE FIELD THIS EVENING. AMONG THE NEW **ATTRACTIONS** PROMISED BY ITS PROPRIETOR IS THE INFAMOUS **COUNT DRACULA** AND A BEAUTIFUL **SHE-VAMPIRE**...



EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF CASSANDRA KILEY:

DRACULA IS A STRANGE BEING! I **LOVE** HIM... BUT I ALSO **FEAR** HIM... OFTEN I WONDER WHAT **SECRETS** HE HOLDS WITHIN HIS SOUL.



I ONCE HEARD HIM MENTION A **WOMAN** HE LOVED... AND A **SON**!

**TALLAHASSEE TIMES,**  
SEPTEMBER 18, 1908:

THE IRVIN MORAN REAL ESTATE AGENCY REPORTED SEVERAL THOUSAND DOLLARS **MISSING** FROM THE COMPANY SAFE THIS MORNING. THE ROBBERY, WHICH OCCURRED LATE YESTERDAY AFTERNOON, COINCIDES WITH THE DISAPPEARANCE OF **HERBERT LARKIN**, AN EMPLOYEE OF THE FIRM FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS. POLICE NOW SEEK HIM FOR **QUESTIONING**.

EXCERPT FROM A LETTER DATED SEPTEMBER 11, 1908, FROM **HERBERT LARKIN** TO **MISS EVELYN HICKS**:  
"DEAREST EVELYN, THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO ACT. TOO LONG HAVE **FALSE HOPES** AND **POVERTY** KEPT US APART... **DENIED** US THE LIFE WE HAVE **PLANNED** TOGETHER FOR SO LONG..."

"I KNOW YOU WILL **FORGIVE** ME FOR WHAT I HAVE DONE, AND REALIZE THAT ONLY MY **LOVE** FOR YOU COULD DRIVE ME TO SUCH DEPTHS OF **DESPERATION!**"



"MEET ME WITHOUT FAIL ON THE MIDWAY OF THE CARNIVAL TOMORROW AFTER SUNDOWN. FROM THERE, WE SHALL MOVE TO A NEW CITY, AND YOU WILL HAVE EVERYTHING I'VE EVER PROMISED YOU..."



EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF **CASSANDRA KILEY**:

A CURIOUS INCIDENT OCCURRED TONIGHT. DRAGUA'S ATTENTION TURNED TO A YOUNG WOMAN IN THE CROWD, AND THE **CHANGE** THAT CAME OVER HIM WAS **REMARKABLE**. HIS TALL, STEADY FRAME BEGAN TO **QUIVER**, AND I FEARED FOR A MOMENT HE WOULD **COLLAPSE**....!



THE WOMAN WALKED BY, NOT EVEN *SEEING* US... BUT A DEEP, WISTFUL LOOK CAME INTO DRACULA'S EYES... A LOOK OF *HOPE*, A LOOK OF *PAIN*...

YET HE SAID NOTHING, AND I COULD DO NO MORE THAN WONDER AS TO ITS CAUSE!



EXCERPT FROM THE JOURNAL OF AMELIA PARROT, DATED SEPTEMBER 12, 1908:

SHORTLY, I'LL BEGIN MY NEW JOB AS SCHOOL *MISTRESS*. IN ONE SENSE, I LOOK FORWARD TO IT! BUT IN ANOTHER, I *DREAD* IT! THE SIGHT OF ALL THOSE LITTLE CHILDREN ONLY REMINDS ME HOW *EMPTY* AND *LOVELY* MY OWN LIFE IS...



GOOD AFTERNOON, MISS PARROT! YOU WEAR YOUR *SADNESS* WELL!

MY *SADNESS*?



NO NEED TO FEIGN *SURPRISE*, IF YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE THAT I HAD THE POWER TO SEE INTO YOUR *SOUL* AND FORESEE YOUR *FUTURE*, THEN YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BOTHERED COMING *IN* HERE.

I AM NOT CALLED AESCLEPIOS, THE SHAMAN, WITHOUT REASON. I SEE ALL THAT THE FUTURE *HOLDS* FOR YOU...

THEN *TELL* ME...

VERY WELL, I SEE SOMETHING IN YOUR FUTURE THAT YOU HAVE *SHUNNED* IN THE PAST, YET *PRAYED* FOR IN THE PRESENT...

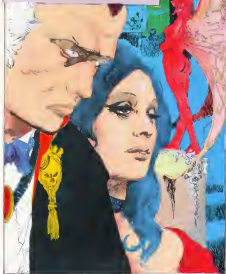


"... A MAN WHO WILL *LOVE* AND *CARE* FOR YOU."



EXCERPT FROM THE  
DIARY OF CASSANDRA KILEY:

THANK GOD IT IS OVER FOR TONIGHT...  
THE **STARING** AND THE **DEGRADATION**.  
THEY LOOK AT US NOT BECAUSE WE  
ARE **BEAUTIFUL**, BUT BECAUSE WE  
ARE...**ODDITIES**.



I FEEL THE **THRUST** COME  
UPON ME AGAIN, AND I THINK  
BACK TO THAT **FIRST TASTE**  
OF **BLOOD**. IT FELT **STRANGE**...!  
IT NEITHER **PLEASED** NOR  
**REPULSED** ME BUT I WAS  
GLAD DRACULA WAS THERE  
TO **SHARE** IT WITH ME.



EVEN NOW HE STALKS THE CARNIVAL  
GROUNDS, CHOOSING THE UNFORTUNATE  
MORTAL WHO WILL ALLOW US TO  
**SURVIVE** YET ANOTHER NIGHT...!

EVELYN **MUST** BE  
HERE SOMEWHERE...  
SHE WOULDN'T **DESERT**  
ME, NOT AFTER WHAT  
I'VE **DONE** FOR  
HER.



SOMETHING  
MUST HAVE GONE  
**WRONG**. PERHAPS  
HE WAS **CAUGHT**!  
PERHAPS THE  
**POLICE** HAVE  
HIM?

**NO!** NOT AFTER  
WE'VE WAITED SO  
LONG. IT COULDN'T  
HAPPEN TO US  
**NOW...**



HE IS **HERE**  
SOMEWHERE! I CAN  
**FEEL** IT. THE **LOVE**  
I HAVE BEEN PROMISED  
IS **HERE**... IF ONLY I  
COULD **FIND** IT!



EXCERPT FROM THE DIARY OF  
CASSANDRA KILEY:

WHEN DRACULA APPROACHED THE  
GIRL, SHE DIDN'T EVEN SEEM  
FRIGHTENED. IT WAS AS THOUGH  
SHE REALIZED SHE WAS IN THE  
PRESENCE OF AN **IRRESISTABLE**  
FORCE.



MUCH THE SAME WAY I  
FELT WHEN I FIRST  
ENCOUNTERED DRACULA.

Y-YOU'RE **BEAUTIFUL**...SO  
MUCH LIKE **ANOTHER** I LOVED  
SO LONG AGO! B-BUT SHE **RAN**  
FROM ME. A-AND FELL TO  
HER **DEATH**! I COULD NOT  
GIVE **HER** ETERNAL  
LIFE...



BUT YOU, MY  
DARLING WILL  
LIVE **FOREVER!**



YOUR WORDS  
DRACULA... I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND.

IT WAS A **LIFETIME**  
AGO, CASSANDRA, I FELT  
LOVE...BUT I COULD NOT  
BEAR TO TELL MY LOVER  
**WHO...OR WHAT** I WAS.  
WHEN SHE FOUND OUT, SHE  
FLED FROM ME IN  
TERROR!

SHE **DIED**...!  
BUT BEFORE  
DEATH TOOK  
HER, SHE  
BORE ME A  
**SON**...

...A SON  
WHO LATER TRIED  
TO **KILL** ME!

CARE TO  
**TELL** ME  
ABOUT IT?

PERHAPS SOMETIME  
SOON, MY DEAR. RIGHT  
NOW I WISH ONLY TO  
DO WHAT I HAVE TRIED  
TO DO **SINCE** THAT  
NIGHT...

...FORGET.







EVELYN! OH, MY GOD, EVELYN!



OH, MY DARLING, HOW COULD FATE PLAY SUCH A CRUEL JOKE UPON US? I CAN'T EVEN CALL THE POLICE! NOT WITH TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS OF **STOLEN MONEY** IN MY POSSESSION!



FROM THE JOURNAL OF AMELIA PARROT:

WHEN I FIRST CAME UPON HIM, HE WAS KNEELING OVER THE FALLEN BODY OF A WOMAN ON THE MIDWAY. I SHOULD HAVE BEEN **HORRIFIED**. I SHOULD HAVE SCREAMED FOR THE POLICE.

BUT HE LOOKED SO PITIFUL. I DIDN'T



THERE IS NOTHING LEFT TO DO BUT TURN MYSELF IN. I WAS WILLING TO BE A **FUGITIVE** FOR YOUR LOVE, MY DARLING, BUT WITHOUT IT THERE IS NO POINT, I DON'T EVEN **CARE** WHAT HAPPENS TO ME NOW...!



BUT PERHAPS THERE ARE OTHERS WHO **DO**...

WHO ARE YOU?

DOES IT **MATTER**? YOU DON'T CARE WHAT **HAPPENS** TO YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE **LONELY**! BUT GOING TO JAIL IS NOT THE ANSWER. WHAT'S DONE IS **DONE**! BUT CASTING YOURSELF INTO A PRISON CELL WON'T MAKE THINGS **EASIER**.



I **KNOW** WHAT LONELINESS IS. I FACE IT EVERY TIME I WALK INTO AN EMPTY BEDROOM AT NIGHT! AND NO MATTER WHAT CHRISTIAN FOLKS SAY, I DON'T THINK THERE IS ANYTHING **WORSE** IN THE WORLD.

SO CALL THE POLICE IF YOU WANT TO, BUT THAT WON'T DO EITHER ONE OF US ANY GOOD.

EXCERPT FROM THE **TALLAHASSEE TIMES**, SEPTEMBER 14, 1908:

THE BODIES OF A MAN AND WOMAN WERE DISCOVERED NEAR GREENBLADE FIELD THIS MORNING. THE VICTIMS WERE IDENTIFIED AS HERBERT W. LARKIN AND AMELIA A. PARROT, BOTH OF TALLAHASSEE....



THE CAUSE OF DEATH HAS NOT YET BEEN DETERMINED, BUT SEVERE WOUNDS AROUND THE NECK AND THROAT LED THE POLICE TO SUSPECT FOUL PLAY. LARKIN WAS ALSO SOUGHT BY POLICE FOR QUESTIONING IN AN EMBEZZLEMENT CASE EARLIER THIS WEEK....



POLICE ARE CURRENTLY SEEKING MISS EVELYN HICKS, THE FIANCÉE OF MR. LARKIN, WHO **DISAPPEARED** ABOUT THE TIME THE BODIES WERE DISCOVERED.



FROM THE DIARY OF  
**CASSANDRA KILEY!**

WE TRAVEL AGAIN! TO ANOTHER TOWN...WHICH WILL PROBABLY BE A LITTLE DIFFERENT FROM THIS ONE.

THE PLACES CHANGE, THE PEOPLE CHANGE....



BUT SOMEHOW, THE **FACES** ALWAYS STAY THE SAME!

# PROLOGUE

SHE COULDN'T REMEMBER WHEN SHE'D FELT THIS **LOVELY**. THE MONTHS AFTER DAVID'S DEATH HAD BEEN DIFFICULT, BUT HER FRIENDS SAID THE HURT WOULD **HEAL** WITH TIME.

THEY WERE EITHER  
**POOLS OF LIGHT**.

**NO**, SHE THOUGHT... THAT WAS BEING **UNFAIR**. THEY **UNDER-ESTIMATED** THE EXTENT OF HER **LOVE** FOR HIM. FLEETINGLY, THE SHADE OF HIS EYES, TANNED BODY DRIFTED INTO HER MIND...

...AND PROMPTLY **FADED**, DESPITE HER STRAINED EFFORTS TO RETAIN IT FOR A WHILE. DURING THOSE EARLY MONTHS, SHE HAD THOUGHT OF NOTHING **BUT** DAVID. WHY WAS IT NOW SO **DIFFICULT**...

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE IN FOR A GREAT **DISAPPOINTMENT**. BRENDA'S **HOPE** IS A FUNNY THING. WHEN YOU'VE GOT IT, YOU CAN SURVIVE ANYTHING... **ALMOST!**

BUT WHEN IT **GOES**, IT COULD TAKE YOUR **INSIDES** WITH IT. RIGHT, CAPTAIN? SOMETIMES I FEEL SO **EMPTY**. I DOUBT IT WOULD BE ANY GREAT **LOSS**.

YOU KNOW, BRENDA, THERE ARE **OTHER** FORMS OF DISAPPOINTMENT TOO... **ALMOST INVISIBLE** FORMS!

LIKE WHEN A GOOD FRIEND **BETRAYS** HERSELF!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE YOU REDUCED TO **SELF-PITY**. WHERE IS THE STRONG-WILLED INDEPENDENT BRENDA BUCKLER WHO WOULD RISK **ANYTHING**...

...JUST TO KNOW IF HER HUSBAND WERE **DEAD OR ALIVE!**

SHE'S **TIERED**, LONG, AFRAID, **TIERED**

**EIGHT MONTHS IN SPACE** HAS GIVEN ME TIME TO **THINK**. ONCE I HAD ALL THE CONFIDENCE THAT GOES WITH **IMPULSE!**

NOW I AM NOT SO **SURE**...

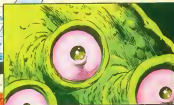
...TO **FOCUS** ON THAT GENTLE, SENSITIVE FACE FOR EVEN A **MOMENT?**

SILENTLY THE SHUTTLECRAFT GLIDED THROUGH THE BLACK, ETERNAL UNIVERSE, FINALLY DESCENDING OVER AN EXOTICALLY TIMBERED **PLEADEA**...



THE TERRAIN WAS STRANGE YET FAMILIAR, PERHAPS BECAUSE IT REMINDED THE OTHER THIRTEEN PLANETS IN THE SECTOR WHICH WERE ALREADY SEARCHED AND ULTIMATELY ABANDONED.

# THE MAN HUNTERS





I'M LOSE AT THE "ENDOW" OF HER LEGS,  
BUT IT COULDN'T COMPARE WITH THE  
DEEPER MAN IN HER SOUL.

WE SHOULD  
BE SAFE IN  
THIS CAVE...



DAWN WISHED SLOWLY  
OVER THE HORIZON ENDING  
A NIGHT THAT OFFERED  
BRENDA NO SLEEP...

MY STRENGTH  
IS GIVING OUT.  
JORG, I'M NOT  
SURE I  
WANT TO  
GO ON...



MAYBE I  
SHOULD END  
IT ALL  
RIGHT NOW!

I DON'T WANT  
TO HEAR THAT  
KIND OF TALK,  
BRENDA.



I WON'T STAND BY  
AND WATCH YOU COMMIT  
SUICIDE? YOU CAN'T  
DESTROY EVERYTHING  
YOU'VE BELIEVED  
IN... NOT WHEN  
YOU'VE COME  
SO FAR.

JORG  
P-PLEASE  
STOP...  
Y-YOU'RE  
HURTING  
ME



I'M SORRY BRENDA.  
IT SEEMS THE FIRST  
FEW DAYS HAVE  
TURNED US INTO  
STRANGERS.

JORG!  
BEHIND  
YOU...



JORG TURNED,  
ALREADY SENSING  
WHAT HE WOULD FIND.  
AND HE WAS DEAD  
RIGHT.

OH, GOD!  
I CHOKED!



A SHOUTING, CRUEL, TIGHT CRUSHED AND SUCKED AT HIS BODY, DRIVING HIM CLOSER TO THE VICIOUS RUSH HIS LIFE FLOWED THROUGH RED DENSE **WELTS** IN HIS FLESH...



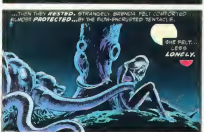
THE **FOOD** OF THE **GORE**, THE **PRIMITIVE** RAN THROUGH HER MIND AS SHE SAW JORD ABSORBED... **EATEN ALIVE**, AND **INGESTED**, COULD IT BE PERHAPS THE ULTIMATE FATE OF **MAN**?



FOR **JOE**, MAN DEPICTED **GOD** IN HIS OWN IMAGE. WHAT IF **THIS** WERE THE **DIRTY** MAN HAD BLINDLY WORSHIPPED FROM **AFRAID**? **BRENDA** DECIDED SHE WAS NOT **READY** TO MEET HIS **CREATOR**.



THE CREATURE WAS **SWIFT**, AND **BRENDA** FELT THE LONG, TAPPING TENTACLE OBSCENELY CARESS HER BODY, MONTHS OF **SEARCHING** AND **DEMAND**... WAS THIS HER **REWARD**? A **LOVELY** DEATH ON AN **ALIEN** PLANET?



MOVING CAVE, THE JOURNEY CONTINUED. SHE HAD  
GROWN TO **RESPECT** THIS CREATURE. **EVEN TRUST**  
IT. SHE FOLLOWED MORE OUT OF **CURIOSITY**  
THAN **FEAR**.

DECEDED, EVEN THIS MONSTROUS COMPANIONSHIP  
WAS BETTER THAN BEING **ALONE**.

A-A  
**CITY!**

BRENDA HAD NEVER SEEN SUCH  
ELABORATE AND COMPLEX  
**MACHINERY**. SHE DIDN'T REALIZE  
THE LABORATORY HAD BEEN  
**ABANDONED**. IT WAS **OBSOLETE**.

IT'S SOME KIND  
OF **ADVANCED**  
**LABORATORY!**

THE TOMIANS HAD DEVELOPED  
THE PERICO-DOVE **CENTURIES**  
BEFORE. IT RECORDED NOT ONLY  
SIGHT AND SOUND BUT **SMOOTH**.  
IT WAS **LIFE** REDUCED TO A  
**GLASS TUBE**.

PERICO-DOVE  
RECEIVED THE REAL HISTORY.  
RECORDED COOL.

SUCH IS **DRILL EQUIPMENT**.

THIS WAS A **RECORD**... OF WHAT  
HAPPENED TO **DAVID**. SHE THOUGHT  
HE WAS **HERE**? HIS SHUTTLECRAFT  
**SCREAMED** FROM THE HEAVENS...

...AND SHE WAS  
**WITH HIM**. HER  
AND **JOINED** HIS.  
AS HE **ILLUMINATED**  
TO **TRINA**...

...INTO HIS **DEATH!**



NO FEAR! ONLY LIVED RICHES! NOT  
MOVING THE FEARS, DESIRES—AND AMBITIONS  
BUT FORMULATED HIS SECRET THOUGHTS,  
WITH **DEATH IMMINENT**, THESE THINGS  
**FLASHED** THROUGH HIS MIND.



BRENDA WAS MORE  
THAN A LITTLE  
**SHOCKED.**

MIRACULOUSLY DEATH **DIDN'T** COME FROM THE CHARRED WRECKAGE  
EMERGED A WEAK, STUNNED FIGURE THAT LIVED BY **WILL ALONE.**



THOSE WHO FOUND HIM WERE **Puzzled**.  
NEW SPECIES OF LIFE HADN'T BEEN RE-  
PORTED FOR **MILLENNIUMS!** THIS ONE  
HAD A SOFT FRAGILE SHELL...AND ONLY  
**TWO EYES!**



THE THYNNARS WERE A **CURIOUS** RACE.  
THEY SOUGHT TO LEARN MORE ABOUT  
THIS NEW CREATURE, TO **STUDY** IT...  
LEARN ITS HABITS.



THEY SAW THAT THE  
STRANGE ANIMAL'S  
BODY WAS **SMATTERED**  
BEYOND REPAIR.

SO THEY GAVE IT A **NEW ONE**...  
TRANSPLANTING THE **BRAIN**  
AND VITAL ORGANS INTO A  
**RESERVE BODY!**

THEY THOUGHT IT AN INTERESTING  
EXPERIMENT TO SEE HOW  
WELL THE CREATURE **ADAPTED**  
TO ITS NEW EXISTENCE.

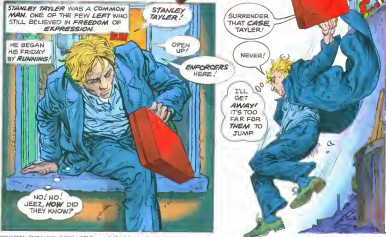
THAT'S THE **END**  
OF THE RECORDING...  
THEN THAT CREATURE  
THAT LED ME HERE.

...IS  
MY  
HUSBAND!





# PURGE!





# HISTORY 380: NOTES ON WRM (WORLD RECLAMATION MOVEMENT.)

- "MULTINATIONAL SOCIO-ECOLOGICAL REACTION." UNIQUE IN HISTORY.
- INVOLVES NO RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION OR POLITICAL REPRESSION.
- WRM WORKS WITHIN LAWS OF GIVEN COUNTRY IN ATTEMPT TO ACT ON ITS AREAS OF CONCERN. IT FAVOURS STRICT, HARSH TREATMENT OF CRIME AND OTHER SOCIAL ILLS... I.E. PERMISSIVANESS, POLLUTION ETC.
- HAS BEEN ELECTED TO POWER AND AFFECTED WIDE CHANGE IN COUNTRIES SUCH AS BRITAIN, BRAZIL, BURMA AND MOST IMPORTANTLY... U.S.A.





I STOPPED THEM COLD!  
BLASTED TWO THIEVES WITH  
TWO SHOTS BEFORE ANYONE  
WAS HURT... BEFORE ANY-  
THING WAS *STOLEN!*

AND STILL  
CIVILIANS  
COMPLAIN!



WELL, MORNINGS LIKE  
TODAY'S REMIND ME OF  
WHAT IT WAS LIKE, AND  
WE'LL NEVER RELIVE  
1979 IF I HAVE A SAY!



IT'S ONLY ONE IN  
TEN QUESTIONS US,  
BUT WHEN I HEAR  
THAT KIND OF  
SNIPING... I *BURN!*

THEY LEND US  
A FREE HAND TO  
SCOUR THE  
CITIES AND WE  
GIVE OUR LIVES  
TO YEARS OF WAR  
AGAINST  
CORRUPTION!

IT MAKES  
ME MAD!



RIGHT NOW  
I'M READY FOR  
JUST ABOUT  
ANYTHING...

...INCLUDING A  
JOKER MAKING AN  
ILLEGAL U-TURN!

## SENATE SUB-COMMITTEE REPORT ON THE ENFORCER SYSTEM OF JUSTICE

1. THE ENFORCERS ARE BY NATURE A FORCE OF ARMED JUDGES, DISPENSING JUSTICE ON THE STREETS AND ELIMINATING THE TIME AND EXPENSE OF THE JURY SYSTEM.

2. ON THE SURFACE THIS IS A SERIOUS THREAT TO INDIVIDUAL CIVIL RIGHTS BUT IN FACT IT IS A TRADE AGREED TO BY THE AMERICAN PEOPLE OF CIVIL RIGHTS FOR CIVIL ORDER.

3. ENFORCERS ARE HIGHLY TRAINED IN ALL POINTS OF NEW LAW, AND ARE AUTHORIZED TO ISSUE DEATH FOR MAJOR CRIMES INTERRUPTED IN PROGRESS AND TO LEVY FINES OR DE FACTO INCONVENIENCE, IN LIEU OF CONFINEMENT, FOR MISDEMEANORS.

4. FINES, SENTENCES OF GRATIS PUBLIC SERVICE OR INCARCERATION AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENTS TO FIT THE CRIME, ALL CARRY THE SAME FINALITY AS A JURY DECISION. ANY DEATH JUDGMENT HANDED DOWN BY AN ENFORCER IS BINDING.

5. NO APPEALS.



I GUESS IT  
WAS DESTINED TO  
HAPPEN AFTER THE  
SEXUAL EXCESSES  
OF THE SEVENTIES!

BUT WHY  
IS HISTORY  
ALWAYS AN OVER-  
REACTION TO THE  
PERIOD BEFORE...  
NOT JUST A  
BALANCING?



DAMN! THAT  
CAR BANGED UP  
MY LEG PRETTY  
BAD!

IT'LL MAKE  
THINGS ROUGH  
IF I HAVE TO  
RUN FROM A  
WORM!

HELL,  
THEY'VE  
CLEANED UP  
CRIME...  
THEY'VE  
CLEANED UP  
THE ENVI-  
RONMENT, WHY  
IN GOD'S NAME  
DO THEY FEEL  
COMPELLED TO  
CLEAN UP  
OUR MINDS  
TOO?!





**FIREARM BAN BLAMED FOR OVERPOPULATION OF GAME**

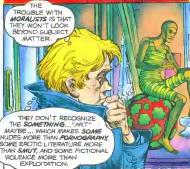
WASHINGTON (AP) The federal law against the private ownership of firearms is being blamed for the long-term overpopulation of deer, rabbits and other birds whose death would be a boon to hunting season, says a spokesman of the Fish and Game Administration.

**DEATH EXPECTED TO HIGH IN TWO YEARS**

WASHINGTON (UPI) Because of recent legislation enacted jointly by the United States and Canada, one of the most common of pollutants in the Great Lakes is expected to be the death of the fish. The fish will die in the next two years, says a spokesman of the Fish and Game Administration.

**CENSUS SHOWS URBAN POPULATION DECLINE**

WASHINGTON (UPI) For the third straight year, the national census has shown a marked decrease in America's population. One possible reason is the increasing number of people who are leaving the cities for the suburbs, says a spokesman of the Census Bureau. The Bureau has shown a sharp decline in the population of major cities, with a slight increase in the population of small cities.



"AND CARRYING A LARGE BLACK PORT FOLIO, ALL ENFORCERS ARE ASKED TO BE ON WATCH FOR TAYLER, WANTED FOR POSSESSION OF PORNOGRAPHIC MATERIAL."



**CINEMA ADULT**

A NAUGHTY HIT FROM THE FUN 50's!  
**THAT TOUCH OF MINK**  
RATED X  
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE!

I GUESS THAT **ROBBERY** WAS THE ONLY REAL ACTION I'LL BE TASTING FOR A WHILE!  
SEEMS ALL WE GET ANY MORE ARE TRAFFIC VIOLATIONS AND **MORALITY MISDEMEANORS**.

OPEN FRIDAY  
MIDNIGHT SHOW  
VIVACIOUS MUSICAL VERSION OF THAT VINTAGE TV GEM:  
"LEAVE IT TO BEAVER!"

**HEY BEAV!**

STOP THAT MAN!

THE AVON CINEMA

43rd St. on BROADWAY



GOD, SEND THESE BOYS A NICE **HUGGING** TO KEEP THEM OCCUPIED...  
...BUT GET THEM OFF MY BUTT!



SIR, COME UP!  
COME QUICKLY!

AH... AN OLD BODDY WITH ANOTHER SEX CRIME, NO DOUBT!

NOW AT THE LYCEUM  
SHIRLEY TEMPLE BLACK JR.  
.. THE **HEIDI**  
CLINT EASTWOOD  
.. GRAMPS!



WHERE IS HE?

HOW COULD HE DUCK US?  
HE WAS LIAPING SO BADLY!



IF SHE DOESN'T HAVE SOME RIPE BOSSIP, I DON'T KNOW ANY INFORMANTS.

THE NIGHT SPOT  
**CLUB INDIGO**  
FEATURING  
AMERICA'S GRAND OLD LADY OF SONG  
**AMITA BRYANT**  
WED 26th THRU 30th ONLY!



THEY'RE STRAIGHT! IT NEVER OCCURRED TO THEM I'D NIP INTO THE WOMEN'S ROOM!



## BOARD OF INQUIRY TO INVESTIGATE OVERZEALOUS ACTION BY ENFORCERS

THE EARLY UNEASE WITH WHICH THE PUBLIC VIEWED THE CONCEPT OF ENFORCER JUSTICE HAS BEEN LAID REST BY FIVE YEARS OF FAULTLESS PERFORMANCE BY THE "STREET JUDGES".

IN THIS LAST WEEK, HOWEVER, TWO BOARDS OF INQUIRY RESURREC-

TED SOME OF THE OLD TREPIDATIONS BY RULING THAT ENFORCERS WERE GUILTY OF OVERREACTION IN TWO SEPARATE CASES.

"IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF TIME, AND NOW IT APPEARS AS THOUGH IT'S ALL STARTING TO COME DOWN AT ONCE," SAYS

THE A.C.L.U.'S TOM BRAMLEY OF THE DECISIONS, THE FIRST OF THEIR KIND, WHICH FOUND ENFORCERS KEVIN DAVIS OF TULSA, AND RON QUEEN OF SYRACUS, GUILTY OF OVERZEALOUS EXECUTION OF THEIR OFFICES.

SPOKESMEN FOR THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

OF ENFORCERS (NAE), AGREE THAT IT WAS INDEED JUST A MATTER OF TIME. "AFTER ALL, WHAT ORGANIZATION OR INDIVIDUAL CAN CLAIM PERFECTION, BESIDES, THESE WERE MINOR MATTERS AND THE ENFORCERS' MISJUDGMENT WAS NOT SERIOUS IN EITHER CASE."



...OR HE'LL START APPLYING THEM TO HERE SOCIAL QUIRKS JUST TO EASE HIS OWN CHAFING!







HAUNTINGLY *BEAUTIFUL*.  
HEARTBREAKINGLY *LONELY*.



EVEN THE COLD, DEAD STONE  
FROM WHICH SHE IS HEAVEN  
IS... WARM... *ALLURING*...

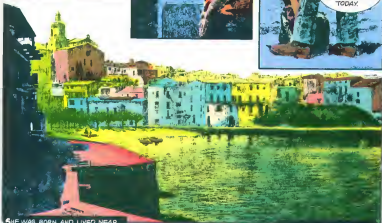


...AN IMAGE FOR WHICH A MAN  
MIGHT *DIE*.



"BORN  
NOVEMBER 13,  
1945, LIVED IN  
MYSTERY, DIS-  
APPEARED INTO  
THE SEA, NOVEM-  
BER 13, 1965."

FAR OUT.  
BORN *THIRTY*  
YEARS AGO, DIED  
*TEN* YEARS AGO  
TODAY.



SHE WAS BORN AND LIVED NEAR  
THE GREEK HARBOR, JUST ACROSS  
THE BAY. AT ONE OF THOSE TINY  
WINDOWS, SHE GREW INTO A  
WOMAN, GAZING EVER UPON THE  
SEA... *GAZING* AT IT, *DEVOURING* IT...

...AND EVENTUALLY BECOMING  
*PART* OF IT

FROM THE *FIRST* DAY  
OF HER LIFE UNTIL THE  
*LAST* SHE WAS  
*BETROTHED* TO THESE  
DARK WATERS. SHE  
WAS A CHILD BORN TO  
"THINGS UNKNOWN."

YET, RATHER THAN BEING  
REPELLED BY HER NOXIOUS,  
SUPERNATURAL AROMA,  
PEOPLE... *GENTLEMEN*  
AT LEAST... WERE MORE  
THAN SLIGHTLY *DRAWN* TO  
THE HAUNTING GIRL. THE  
GIRL NAMED *JANIS*.

# JANIS!



ONE MOONLESS NIGHT, WHEN BLACK MARE-TAIL CLOUDS BLEW ACROSS CHILL NOVEMBER STARS, JANIS ANSWERED SOME CALL FROM THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS.



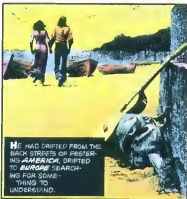
© 1975 LUIS GARCIA and VICTOR MORA



STORY: BUDD LEWIS and VICTOR MORA / ART: LUIS GARCIA



I'VE  
COME  
TO ME  
YOU WITH  
ME.



HE HAD DRIFTED FROM THE  
BACK STREETS OF PESTER-  
ING **AMERICA**, DRIFTED  
TO **EUROPE** SEARCH-  
ING FOR SOME-  
THING TO  
UNDERSTAND.



LIKE A STRAW, AIMLESS  
UPON THE WINDS OF  
CHANCE, HE BLEW ACROSS  
THE MEDITERRANEAN,  
COMING TO **REST** HERE  
ON THE GREEK ISLES.



AND INDEED, HE FOUND SOME-  
THING **SIMPLE** TO UNDERSTAND.

A GENTLE  
SONG OF LOVE.



BUTHELY IMPELLED, MORELESSLY  
DRAWN TO THE LOVELY VISION,  
DROWNING SOFTLY IN THE MOMENT'S  
ENCAPTURING MAGIC, HE **FOLLOWED**  
HER.



ACROSS A LOVE HAUNTED DREAM OF  
UNSUBSTANTIAL WONDER... BEGUILING,  
ENTHRALLING WAS THE **GIRL**, THE  
**NIGHT**, THE BECKONING **SEA**.

**A**LL SPRINKLED WITH MAGIC DUST, DANCING  
AWAY, SINGING A SIREN'S SONG OF LANDS BE-  
YOND HIS FANTASIES, JANIS SURELY **LED** HIM.

**WHIRLING**, **SWIRLING**, **ENTICING** HIM, **ENCHANT-**  
**ING** HIM, **CLOUDING** HIS SOUL WITH **DREAMS**  
REALIZED AND **PROMISES** WHISPERED, HE  
CHASED BEHIND HER.

**SHE DREW** HIM... **UNERRINGLY**...  
**DELIRIOUSLY**, TO THE **TOMBING**,  
**DEPTHS**... THE **TOMBING**, **KNOLL-**  
**ING**, **BROODING** **DEPTHS**...

...OF THE BONE-NUMBING SEA!

COVERING HIM, PROTECTING HIM, ENVELOPING HIS BODY, HIS SENSES, HIS VERY DIVINE SPIRIT IN PLACENTAL CONTENTMENT, THE WATER CLOSED AS A COFFIN LID ABOVE HIM.

IT WAS A RETURN TO THE WOMB WITH THE BRIGHT ANGEL OF LIFE AS HIS GUIDE!

THE MEDITERRANEAN, COLDER THAN FEAR, THICKER THAN EBON NIGHT, DEEPER THAN SLEEP MORE INFINITE THAN DEATH.

AND MORE FILLED WITH NIGHTMARRISH SENSATIONS THAN A NARCOTIC REVERIE...

FILLED WITH WRAITHS AND PHANTOMS, SPECTRES AND BEASTS OF SUCH SPLENDID HORROR AS MIGHT EXPLODE MEN'S SOULS WITH STARBURSTING GRIM ECSTASY.

WITH A GARDEN OF DAZZLING, UNWORLDLY TERRORS, SHE DELIGHTED HIS MORTAL EYES.

AND THEN... WITHOUT WARNING OR CHANCE FOR  
THOUGHT TO PANIC, OR THOUGHT TO SCREAM... SHE  
RUPTURED HIS IMMORTAL SOUL!





**SHE** DID NOT WRITE IN VOMIT ISSUES MADNESS, NEITHER DID SHE VOID HER BOWELS IN DIARRHETIC CONVULSIONS OF HORROR... AS DID **HE**!

THEY SIMPLY **CAME**. TO **HAVE** HIM.

**YET** IT WAS SAD TO LET HIM **GO**...TO GIVE HIM UP **SO SOON**.

**FOR** HE WAS SOMETHING SHE SOMEHOW **NEEDED** SOMETHING FOR WHICH SHE ONCE MORE **LONGED**.


**SHE** LET HIS FINGER **SLIDE** AWAY FROM **HERS**, AND SHE WAS **SAD**.

**BUT** SHE HAD **LONG AGO** CHOSEN THE **SEA**. AS COMPANION, HUSBAND, MASTER AND LOVER... BOUND BY **SPIRITS** TO OBEY ITS OFT **HARSH COMMANDS**, AND THE COMMANDS OF THOSE THAT DWELT WITHIN IT.

**SHE** SADLY WATCHED HIM **LEAVE** HER. **LONGELINESS** SWEEPED OVER HER. SHE WISHED SHE'D HAVE HELD HIM A LITTLE **LONGER**.

**SHE** THEN MADE HERSELF A **SECRET VOW**.

**THE NEXT ONE** SHE'D KEEP PERHAPS JUST AN **HOUR LONGER**. SURELY **THEY** WOULD UNDERSTAND. JUST AN EXTRA **HOUR**.



SO JANIS IS EVERMORE  
**COMMITTED** TO SERVE HER  
ONE LOVE, THE **SEA**... AND  
THE THINGS THAT ARE **IN** IT!

YET, ALWAYS WILL SHE  
YEARN FOR THAT WHICH SHE  
HAS **FORSAKEN** FOR ALL  
TIME... SOMETHING **HUMAN**  
TO CLING TO... FOR JUST  
A LITTLE WHILE.

PERHAPS SHE'LL COME  
TO CHOOSE **ANOTHER** BRIEF  
DOOMED LOVER ON **ANOTHER**  
THIRTEENTH OF NOVEMBER  
NIGHT.



AT LEAST  
THAT'S THE PRE-  
MISE OF THE **NOVEL**.  
I'M WRITING BASED  
ON THIS ACTUAL REAS-  
ONANT **SUPERSTI-**  
**TION.**



I SIMPLY  
BELIEVE SUCH  
**FANTASY-FICTION**  
IS BEST ENJOYED  
WHEN THE READER  
SUSPECTS IT MIGHT...  
AFTER ALL...



...BE TRUE!

# PREVIEW:

CREEPY NO. 75

## WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU?

Neal Adams, Budd Lewis, Wally Wood, Jim Starlin, John Severin, Archie Goodwin, Gerry Boudreau, Jose Ortiz, Alex Toth. A star studded line-up of the best artists and writers in comics today. But what else does CREEPY #75 have for you? The Balloonists Escape Chronicle. A future epic of heroism and danger. The Phantom of Pleasure Island. And his unwilling victims. Death Expression. A vampire tale of the old West. A Thrill Kill. A murderer at large who terrorizes a city. Creeps. A little man's tale of revenge. Don't miss CREEPY # 75. ON SALE, SEPTEMBER 23rd!





THE HOUSE ON BACON STREET SEEMED, JUDGING BY THE MANY POLICE COMPLAINT RECORDS OF ALLEGED **WITCHAMSTERISM**, EACH AND EVERY REPORT FILED BY THE GOOD WIDOW, FAIRLY ALIVE WITH THE PROSPECT OF...



...A **HAUNTING**! I COULD NOT PASS UP THE OPPORTUNITY TO ENDEAVOR TO APPLY RATIONAL **TECHNOLOGY** TO THE PROBLEM OF APPARITIONOUS SHENANAGENERY.

A MOST ABSORBING PROJECT... **MORTAL** AGAINST **IMMORTAL**, ONLY **THIS** TIME, NO BELL, NO BOOK, NO CANDLE, A **MODERN** APPROACH AGAINST A PROBLEM AS ANCIENT AS MAN'S OWN CONSCIENCE...THE **UNDEAD**!



# THE BEAST ON BACON STREET



SCRIPT:BUDD LEWIS/ART:KEED CRANDALL/COLOR:BILL DUBAY





WHATEVER THAT BEAST IS, HE'LL SUCCEUM TO THIS PEEVISH... BE HE **PROTOPLASM** OR **CHALK**!

YOU SEE, MADAM, THE THEORY CONCERNING THESE **ASTRAL BEINGS** IS THEY'RE CONSTRUCTED OF **PARTICLES OF ENERGY**.

EXCEPT THOSE PARTICLES ARE CHARGED IN A **NEGATIVE** SENSE, AS OPPOSED TO FLESH AND BLOOD **POSITIVE**. QUITE SIMPLE, REALLY.



THIS CORRIDOR WILL SERVE AS A... SHALL I SAY, **CLEANSING CHAMBER**.

ONE PLATE IS **THICK**, CHARGED **POSITIVE** AND THE OTHER METAL PLATE, CONCEALED DOWN THERE, IS **ELECTRICALLY CHARGED NEGATIVE**. IT'S ALL CONNECTED BY THIS **VOLTAGE REGULATORY SWITCH BOX**.

MY GOOD MAN, I'VE CALLED FOR AN **EXORCIST**, A **MEDIUM** AND A **MENTALIST** TO **AVOID** ME OR THE BEAST! THEY ALL **PAILED**. I DON'T DANCE YOUR **GHOSTS** WILL...!



TUT TUT, MADAM, **MEDIUMS** AND **GHOST BREAKERS** ARE A THING OF THE SUPERSTITIOUS **PAST**. POTIONS AND **CHARMS** AND **PENTAGRAMS** ARE **ONLY** AS GOOD AS THE PURPOSE THEY SERVE.

**SCIENCE**... IS THE ANSWER. **GHOSTS** ARE NO MORE THAN **AFTER-IMAGES** OF HUMAN **CEREBRAL ENERGY**. JUST A CLOTTING OF **UNUSED** OR **LEFTOVER PSYCHIC ELECTRICITY**.



**THUS!** THE **CURRENT** CONNECTS.

THE ENERGY FLOWS DIRECTLY BETWEEN POLES ESTABLISHING A **PURIFICATION SYSTEM** FOR THAT RANDOM, **FLOATING CHUNK OF MENTAL ENERGY** SOME POOR SOUL SET BEHIND AT HIS... **DEMISE**.



THIS **CURRENT** OF **RAW ELECTRICITY** CARRIES A **POWERFULLY** **RECKONABLE POSITIVE CHARGE**.

**EXACTLY!** AND ANY OTHER **CURRENT** PLACED IN THE **PROXIMITY** OF THIS **CORRIDOR** WILL **INSTANTLY** BE **AFFECTED**.

IN SHORT WHEN A **NEGATIVELY** CHARGED **SOURCE**... AS OUR **GHOST**... **CONTACTS** THIS **FLOOR**, THE **CHARGE** WILL BE **REVERSED** TO **POSITIVE** AND **VIOLATED**! NO MORE **GHOSTS**!

**ASTOUNDING**, MUCH MORE **POTENT** AND **LESS... DISTURBING** THAN AN **ECSTASIOLOGICAL** **CLERGYMAN** **BLINDING CROSSES** HERE AND THERE!

**SILENCE** HELD THE HIDE  
ON BAGIN STREET. ICE AND  
CHILL AND DEATHLY RILL  
SETTLED THROUGHOUT THE  
AGING ROOMS LIKE  
MORTICIAN'S DUST ON  
A CADAVER'S FACE.

THERE WAS NO BREEZE. THE WINDOWS  
WERE SEALED. YET A DARKSOMEWEEZE  
SPRANG UP SCENTED OF TOMBISH  
WAPORS AND NIGHTSHADE STUFFS

AND THE BEAST  
ASCENDED THE  
STAIRS.

THE SCENE WAS DARKLY SET. THE  
KEYST WAS PLOTTED. THE PLAYERS  
ASSEMBLED. NOW 'T WAS THE  
PHANTOM HOUR WHEN ALL  
WOULD SOON BE MET.









A BEAST INDEED. A BEAST THAT CALLS FOR HELP SAYING A GHOST IS AFTER HER. GHOSTS? YES, THE GHOSTS OF COUNTLESS VICTIMS LIKE MRS. RELL THAT WERE IN THEIR MISERY, HOPE AGAINST HOPE TO KEEP ONE MORE VICTIM FROM ENTERING THIS HOUSE.

I TRIED TO WARN GASPAR. HE COULD NOT LISTEN. HE WAS TOO LOGICAL TO BELIEVE IN LIVING GHOSTS.

WELL, I DID TRY. NOW I AM BEYOND TRYING AGAIN. IT WILL BE GASPAR'S TURN NOW TO BURN THE NEXT VICTIM OF THE BEAST ON BACON STREET.

GOD GRANT HIS SUCCESS



# THE MUCK MONSTER

BUT I RESENTED HIM. I  
RESENTED HIS PRESUMPTION  
UPON A HIGHER  
POWER. I REJECTED HIS  
ATTEMPTS ON MY BEING!

I DID NOT WANT LIFE! SO  
I DID NOT RECEIVE IT!



AND MY CREATOR RAGED.

HE TURNED OFF HIS MACHINES AND SCREAMED AT  
MY LIFELESS FORM. HE CURSED ME... FOLLY,  
THOROUGHLY! HE BLAMED ME FOR HIS FAILURE!

BUT I DID NOT WANT HIS GIFT OF CREATION. I  
REJECTED IT. I HAD NO PLACE IN THE WORLD OF  
MEN.



I KNEW NOT WHAT I WAS. I ONLY  
KNEW THAT I SHOULD NOT BE.






FOR A TIME I SERVED  
DARKNESS AND PEACE.

THEN, I FLOWED  
THROUGH A CRACK IN THE STONE CESS-  
POOL AND ONTO DAMP MOSSY EARTH.



I SLID OVER ROCKS AND BRUISE  
DRAWING THE LIFE FROM THE  
SMALL LIVING THINGS IN MY PATH!



I FLOWED ONWARD... THROUGH THE  
WOODS AND OVER A RETAINING WALL...



...EVER DOWNWARD.



TO A PLACE  
OF THE DEAD.

SEEPING...DOWN THROUGH EARTH AND STONE PAST GRAVE-CRAWLING  
HORRORS I FOUND THOSE WHO HAD CEASED LIVING.

THERE WAS A WHIRLING  
A MEETING OF FLESH  
AND EARTH AND MIND  
AND SPIRIT! THE COMING  
OF LIFE SOMEHOW FROM  
THE WRECKAGE OF DEATH!

AND I SUDDENLY  
KNEW THAT... I LIVED!

A MERGING... A  
FUSING... AND I  
FOUND MYSELF  
GROWING UPWARDS  
SEEKING TO RISE  
MYSELF OF THE  
CLINGING EARTH!

THE GROUND AROSE,  
THEN SETTLED, THEN  
HEAVED AGAIN,  
AND BRUDDENLY  
SET ME FREE!

SAVING UNCERTAINTY  
ON UNSTEADY LEGS  
I LUNGED OFF TO  
FIND MY CREATOR!



HE SCREAMED WHEN HE SAW ME!

I WAS AWARE OF HIS FEAR AND I WANTED ONLY TO COMFORT HIM... TO SHOW HIM THE LESSON IN MY DEMISE!

I WANTED TO SHOW HIM HIS MISTAKE IN BELIEVING ME ABOUT...



I WANTED HIM TO LISTEN, BUT THE LAUGHTER PREVENTED IT!

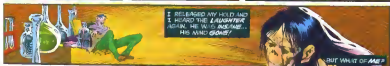


I BECAME ANGRY! I PLACED A HAND OVER HIS MOUTH, BUT BEFORE I COULD SPEAK AGAIN, I REALIZED THAT I COULD NEVER STOP THE LAUGHTER IN HIS EYES!



THAT LAUGHTER WOULD GO ON FOREVER...TILL THE DAY HE DIED!

But he was **WAS!**



I RELEASED MY HOLD AND I HEARD THE LAUGHTER AGAIN. HE WAS ANGRY... HIS MIND GONE!

BUT WHAT OF **ME?**



WAS I ANY **LESS** MAD? I...WHILE MORE APPROPRIATE DROVE A MAN OUT OF HIS MIND...

WAS I **WAS** TOO? THE THOUGHT WAS FUNNY.

IRONIC! I WOULD HAVE LAUGHED AT IT IF THE **WAS** TO **CRY** WERE NOT SO STRONG...

NO, I WAS NOT... **AM** NOT MAD!



300 AM



THE BREEZE IS COOL, AND THE FAINT GUMMER OF EARLY LIGHT  
BRIGHTENS A FINE, MISTY VALLEY THAT SEEMS TO GO ON FOREVER.

MY THOUGHTS ARE LOST IN THE  
WISTNESS THAT SURROUNDS ME.

...FOREVER...

DID THAT WHICH IS GO ON FOREVER? PERHAPS!

YET PERHAPS IT JUST PASSES ON...  
PERHAPS IT JUST *CEASES* TO EXIST!

THE SUN IS RISING NOW.

THE DAY IS BORN AND  
THE EARTH CELEBRATES

AND I... I AM PART  
OF THE CELEBRATION..!

YES... I BELONG  
AND I CELEBRATE...  
EVEN AS THE ROCKS  
AND THE TREES ON  
THIS MOUNTAIN TOP  
CELEBRATE...!

I SHALL STAY HERE TO CELEBRATE THE DAY...TO CELEBRATE THAT WHICH IS!

FOR I, TOO, HAVE FOUND  
A NAME...A PURPOSE...

FOREVER...!



There never was anything like **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN**. The hilarious new movie starring Gene Wilder as Dr. Freddy Frankenstein, Peter Boyle as The Monster, Marty Feldman as Igor, plus Cloris Leachman, Teri Garr, Kenneth Mars and Madeline Kahn. The paperback book based on this 20th Century-Fox movie is now available along with this terrific full-color poster (shown above), T-Shirt, etc.! Be the first ghoul on your block to have all this great **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN** stuff!

# CORBEN! CRANDALL! GARCIA! MAROTO! ORTIZ! WOOD! WRIGHTSON! THE COMIX INTERNATIONAL No. 2 LINEUP!

Rich Corben is a gentle, affable man who spends most of his time at his drawing board. His quiet exterior hides a dynamic soul of incredible talent and perseverance. His work has successfully survived its transition from major "underground" art to mainstream comics... and has arrived integrity intact. He is an artist of mixed media and incredible facility. His stunning ability to distort realism and thereby create a more believable reality, has resulted in some of the most dramatic stories to appear in Warren magazines.



Reed Crandall has worked for most of the top names in comics. He achieved recognition for his art on Quality Comics "Blackhawk" series and his many fine contributions to EC. He was a major artist in the early years of Warren Publishing's magazines, creating some of their most moody and dramatic tales. His accomplished use of fine-line shading gave these stories an almost gothic quality. The feeling of studied realism he created gave his horror stories believability. They were both frightening and memorable!

Luis Garcia's comic work is beautiful... almost photographic. His mastery of the mysteries of light and shadow, of design, of form, give even his most fanciful stories a feeling of intense, solid realism. His illustrative talents are greatly appreciated both in the United States and abroad. An artist of truly international reputation, Garcia is dedicated... thoroughly involved in his work. Comics, he believes, can offer something to everyone. His art is a fine example of this. With talent and perception, he has created applauded art!



Esteban Maroto learned to draw by looking at comics. He has read them all his life. And he believes that comics should not be the exclusive property of any one age group. Like films, comics are a visual medium. If approached correctly, they can appeal to everyone. Maroto is working to present a sophisticated image in a medium which, with some notable exceptions, has been consigned scornfully to the realm of children's entertainment. Maroto believes in the potential of comics as entertainment... for everyone!

Jose Ortiz is an artist of international repute. He has illustrated comic stories in Spain, Great Britain and the United States and has universally been considered among the finest talents in every country in which his work has appeared. His work is admired by professionals and fans the world over. And deservedly, for the forty-year-old artist spends most of his time in his studio, creating page after beautifully drawn comic page, in a style uniquely his own. His reputation as a fine, creative artist is well earned. And accurate!



Wally Wood's work is a mainstay of any comic in which it appears. Think of EC war and science fiction comics and you think of Wood... and of the incredible humanity and subtle humor of his work, even at its most frightening. His genius later provided Mad Magazine with some of its finest, funniest parodies. And the world enjoyed his own publication, "Witzend." Nowadays, he freelances for most of the major comic companies. His style has changed over the years, but his skill has not. Wood... an artist to be reckoned with!

Berni Wrightson spent his early childhood in a haunted Baltimore rowhouse. His playground was a tomb-stone strewn cemetery. He read every comic he could get his hands on. And he was born knowing how to draw. Extraordinary beginnings produced an extraordinary artist. By seventeen, he was working as cartoonist for a local paper. At eighteen, he had his own National comic. His work has vitality... drama. And even now, in between paintings and lectures, Berni still manages to squeeze in an eagerly anticipated comic job or two!



**DON'T MISS AN ISSUE**



**CREEPY**



**EERIE**



**VAMPIRELLA**



**SPIRIT**

**OF WARREN'S FEARSOME FOURSOME!**